

## Hot Decepticon Mess

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## Hot Decepticon Mess

by [Spoon888](#)

### Summary

Megatron of Tarn, former Supreme Commander of the Decepticon forces, likes being spiked. And Optimus knows exactly what to do with this information.

### Notes

For megatronus-maximus over on tumblr. Thank you!

There was no acceptable excuse for *how* everything started, but Optimus stood by his first excuse in that none of it was his doing. His word didn't amount to much though, as that was the exact same story Megatron was telling, and as Ratchet liked to remind everyone every time a new headline was projected into the sky for the entire planet to read; nobody *accidentally* frags their sworn enemy of four million years.

In no way had Optimus ever been foolish enough to actually *seek* Megatron out after peace had been declared. Outside of diplomatic dinners and tense senate votes, they weren't to so much as to glance at one another. No need to have anything as risky as an unchaperoned interaction between the two of them, where anything could be said or done and "*You know that maniac has a temper!*" Ratchet had lectured him many times.

They were right. He and Megatron had made peace. They did not need to be friends. They did not even need to be acquaintances. There was no need to complicate things. Their personal relationship, or more importantly the lack thereof, could not be allowed to stand in the way of that.

So it had all been by pure happenstance that they were in the same wing of the Iaconian Grand Library together at four-hundred-hours, when anyone else with any sense would have long ago retired to their homes and given up on work some eight hours ago.

Optimus stepped around a tower of databanks and paused at the sight of the mountain of silver armour bowed over an ancient datafile. Red and blue armour wasn't conspicuous against the beige of the old library, and Megatron's battle protocols had been honed by war to recognise him at any distance. His head snapped up. Their optics met.

Megatron stood, chair scrapping loudly.

"Wait!" Optimus was driven by some unknown force to call to him, hand out, deep voice loud and uncouth in the tranquil library. He cringed behind his mask at it's reverberating echo, then steeled himself when Megatron paused, his giant hand still on the back of his chair.

"Stay," Optimus said stiffly. "I was intruding-"

"In your own library?" Megatron said gruffly.

"Our library," Optimus corrected him. "I could have sworn your signature was next to mine on those treaties. Public spaces belong to the public."

Megatron made a frustrated noise but begrudgingly sat back down, noisily scooting his chair back up to the table. He glowered at the datafile. "I've been advised not to speak to you."

"What a coincidence. I've been given that same advice," Optimus nodded, and against that advice they had both been given by mecha wiser and more practical than them, he approached the table his old adversary was sat at. Megatron glanced up with a disapproving scowl when Optimus took a seat opposite him.

"This is unwise."

"Yes," Optimus said pleasantly.

Megatron set down the light-pen he had been doodling on the table with and leant back, folding massive arms across his flat boxy chest. "If this is some sort of underhanded plot-"

"I'm not Starscream."

Megatron's optic twitched. "No," he said slowly, "You're not nearly as subtle."

Optimus tilted his head to get a better look at the data-file Megatron was reading. "What are you doing here so late?"

The question made Megatron look conflicted, but not so much so that it stopped him from pushing the ancient data-files across the table towards Optimus. It was a piece of legislation from the golden age, about fuel tariffs- nothing relevant to the problems of today in trying to build a functional, peaceful society out of two war factions and a populous of unhappy neutrals that wanted nothing to do with either of them.

"Some light reading?" he guessed.

"Something to do," Megatron grunted, bringing a hand up and running it across the top of his distinct helmet. "I haven't been-"

He glanced at Optimus and his expression re-hardened. He didn't finish his sentence.

Optimus understood anyway. He hadn't been recharging much either. There was so much to do it was hard to slow down his processor on an evening to cycle himself down for a recharge. He was receiving messages all hours of the night from all over the planet about petty, inane things like traffic lanes, deviations in dialects between factions, and whether to number things using the Camien numerical system or Old Cybertronian (which no one could even read anymore anyway), but after so many years of having to jump out of berth in the middle of the night to be ready to mount a defence against attacking parties, Optimus was too anxious to simply switch off his comm and let the problems solve themselves. He had to be in control. Even in peace. A part of him just couldn't ...let go.

He stared across at Megatron and could see his own face reflected back at him in the shine of the silver mech's armour. He looked tired and drained, old and unhappy. He refocused on Megatron's dim crimson optics and battle scarred face, and saw much of the weariness he was feeling staring right back at him with red optics.

Here they both were, stuck in their ways. Not even trusted to speak to one another without the risk of reigniting the war, hiding away in the darkest sections of the Iaconian library in the middle of the night because they didn't know what else to do with themselves.

"Oh Primus," Optimus bemoaned, propping his chin on his fist. "We're turning into each other."

Megatron snatched the data-file back, insulted, "Good-*night*, Prime."

Optimus watched him rise sadly, data-file tucked under his arm and scowl thunderous.

"Goodnight, Megatron," he said softly.

Megatron glanced back at him, expression wary and grip tight on his data-file. He said nothing and left quickly. Optimus sank back into his chair and sighed.

Perhaps it was for the best. They didn't need to be friends after all.

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The third floor of the Grand Iaconian Library was blissfully absent of Primes the next night. Megatron paused at the end of a long line of data-file towers and stuck his head out into the corridor, checking left, then right, then upwards, just in case Prime was hanging from the rafters, waiting to pounce on him.

It had happened before.

The coast was clear so cautiously he stepped out, a file of old world Iaconian fiction safely clutched to his chest. He had never had an opportunity to explore the Grand Libraries vast and unparalleled collection before. As a miner, he had been forbidden. As a warlord, he had never had the time. Now, as a peacetime leader he ...he still didn't have the time in all fairness, which is what had led to him resorting to these late night visits.

The library was vast and luxurious, and the data-files within its shelves were pristine and uncorrupted, many of them original transcripts. It was a far cry from the book trade stall he had set up at his first gladiatorial arena, hoping his new dorm-mates were as keen to read as he was. Sadly

all his fellow gladiators ever had to offer were tattered old story books from their youths and raunchy holo-mags that weren't quite to Megatron's taste. The closest library had been on the other side of the city, and open only to it's registered members. As a fugitive from the law, risking arrest just wasn't worth even the best of books.

He dragged out a chair and took a seat, and sure he wasn't about to be disturbed by any meddling Primes, he began to read something light from the text: the ancient Marquivus Prime's tragedy on the heat death of the universe would do.

*-flames burning through nameless cities, leaving not even the faint echo of tragedy, like they might have well never existed at all-*

"Megatron?"

Megatron jumped and slapped the data-pad offline, resetting his optics in hopes it would rid them of the fogginess that had grown as he'd read. "Prime!" He bellowed, "Are you stalking me?!"

Prime was stood at the top of the grand staircase, his hand hovering awkwardly above the railing. "No I- are you alright?"

Megatron snarled, hoping his aggression could do something to suck up the droplets of coolant that had gathered in the channels under his optics as he had lost himself in the climax of his fictional story. Ruined now, thanks to Prime's interruption.

"I'm fine," he snatched up the data-file. Enjoyment lost, he might as well put it back and escape the library, and Prime.

"So, you come here every night?" Prime, to his horror, began to follow him.

Megatron quickened his pace and ignored him. When he reached the storage unit the data-file belonged to he jammed it in hastily, wincing internally at his own carelessness as he did so, and tried to escape down the other end of the corridor.

Dead end.

He clenched his fists and seethed. Prime was wandering up the narrow passageway behind him, hands clasped behind his back and head tilted up as he perused some of the titles.

Megatron squared his shoulders and buried his anger as best he could, his EM field prickling at the unwanted company. "Excuse me," he managed to get out in less than a snarl, turning his shoulders so he could slip past the equally bulky mech in the tight space.

"You're leaving?" Prime asked, failing to stand aside and let him through, effectively trapping him. "I was hoping we could-"

"A-ha!" Megatron barked, voice bouncing back at them from the high ceilings. He jabbed a finger at Prime's face-mask. "I *knew* it. You are following me! Why? Trying to incite some sort of reaction?!"

Prime's cool blue optics traversed between the condemning finger and Megatron's deranged face. He lifted a hand and gently pushed the finger down. "In all fairness, Megatron, it wouldn't take much."

Megatron would have punched him -had it done anything but to prove the smug Prime right.

Prime glanced at the shelf next to him, and spied the datafile Megatron had roughly set back. It sat slightly out of place, having been shoved in at an angle.

"This was what you were reading?" He inquired, picking it out carefully and switching it on. The blue screen illuminated his face in the relative dark. Megatron watched his optics glimmer as they tracked across the page. "Ah," he said gently, "the worst part-"

"I think you mean 'best' part," Megatron corrected.

"It's a nihilistic view on the future. Don't you think?"

"A practical one," Megatron folded his arms and tilted his head back challengingly. "Everything dies. Everything ends."

Prime flicked the datafile off and his face fell into shadow. Megatron watched him place it back onto the shelf, sliding it slowly in. "Mustn't waste the time we have then."

"It's hardly our problem," Megatron squinted, "I somehow doubt even *you* will live to see the stars burn out."

"The future belongs to more than just you or I, or any of us," Prime's optics glowed righteously as it seemed he had slipped into lecture mode. At four in the morning. Megatron really wasn't in the mood for it. Prime wasn't picking up on any of his subtle cues to shut up though, and droned on and on. "-and that is why it is our duty to restore Cybertron to it's former glory, and ensure the mistakes of the past are never-"

"Prime?"

"Yes?" Prime's optics had barely focused on him before Megatron had reached up and jammed his thumb into the seam between Prime's jaw and face-mask. He had grappled with the Prime plenty enough before to know exactly where the catch was and how to trip it. With a blink of surprise from Prime the face-mask split down the middle and swept back to expose the bottom half of his face so Megatron could slap a hand over that overactive mouth.

"Shut up," he said firmly.

Prime exhaled against the palm of his hand, sharp and hot. Megatron pulled his hand away quickly, the touch feeling suddenly too intimate. But Prime didn't close his mask in the absence of his hand.

Megatron stared at him. Prime started back, lips parted and optics mesmerisingly serene in the dark library.

Megatron leant forward, then with an awful plunging feeling stopped when the reality of what he had been about to do crashed into him. The shock of his own instinctive actions rooted him in place just long enough for Prime to muster his own courage, and a pair of warm lips closed over his.

Megatron's processor slowed to a crash, his vents stalling. Prime closed a hand around his wrist and slowly pulled him closer. Megatron braced a free hand on Prime's chest, his fingers squeaking against the glass of his windshield, and the kiss became heated when they parted their lips.

Megatron gave it everything he could, catching Prime off guard with the sudden change in pace. Prime's back slammed against the data shelf behind him and files came toppling out of it to scatter across the floor. Neither of them cared. Prime changed breaths and plunged his tongue into Megatron's mouth and -

They pulled back with twin gasps when one of them stepped on something. Megatron pushed away from Optimus and dropped to his knees to run his hands through the littering of data-files until he found one with broken screen glass. He glanced up and found Prime staring with bright shocked optics.

"Please tell me that wasn't a first edition," Prime whispered.

Megatron turned the data-file around and let himself smirk, "'Sentinel Prime: a Century in Command'. It's that bigoted old hack's autobiography."

Optimus noticeably deflated with relief and Megatron tossed the data-file aside. It smashed again wherever it landed, but the lesson had been learned. The rare and priceless data-files deserved better than to be crushed underfoot by two mechs suffering an onslaught of released unresolved sexual tension.

"You know," Optimus was the first to speak, ten minutes later, when they were almost finished picking up and resorting the data-files into their correct shelves. "My apartment isn't far from here..."

Megatron's apartment wasn't far either.

But he didn't say that.

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They tumbled across the berth and landed heavily on the floor of Optimus's berthroom. Megatron's back hit the decking with a thunk, and Optimus hit *him* with a clunk. His groan of pain was muffled by a low snicker as they lost themselves to another kiss. Optimus's hands were cupping his face, thumbs smoothing over the lines in his facial derma. Megatron massaged his thighs, all the while trying to spread them wider so Optimus would sink into his lap and he could feel the heat of the Autobot's armour against his.

"Do you want to spike?" Optimus asked quietly, kisses barely stopping to speak. Megatron's mouth curved in amusement. He couldn't help his chuckle. Optimus's kiss slowed, and gradually he pulled away. "What is it?"

Megatron was still smirking. He shrugged noncommittally, lifting a hand to the back of Optimus's head to pull him back into another kiss. "Nothing-"

Optimus caught his wrist and held it. "Something funny?"

Megatron let his head fall back and hit the decking.

"You are," he admitted. "Of course *I'm* spiking."

Optimus's optics -had they always been that blue?- narrowed unhappily. "Oh?"

Megatron matched his frown. "What? Do you think I go about letting any underling spike me? I'm Megatron."

"I'm aware of who you are," Optimus said sardonically, then studied him carefully. "...it's okay if

you don't like being spiked, I'm happy to-"

"I don't have a problem with being spiked-" Megatron corrected hastily, "-when I know the party doing so can handle me."

Optimus blinked slowly, "Can 'handle' you?" He planted his hands on his hips and stared incredulously. "And just what do you think I've been doing for the past four million years, if not 'handling' you? Handing your aft *to you*, perhaps-"

Megatron sat up and Optimus had to shuffle back to avoid head-butting him. "You pathetic Autobots wouldn't know the meaning of a satisfying frag-!"

Optimus grabbed him by the back of the neck and tugged delicate cables to yank Megatron's head back. The once-warlord's vocaliser stuttered, his optics flashing in surprise.

"Let me prove otherwise," Optimus suggested, tugging a little harder to expose more of Megatron's throat- a rare vulnerable part of the imperviously armoured warrior. "Unless ...your pride won't allow it?"

Megatron's optics darkened as they dimmed. He pulled against the grip Optimus had on the back of his neck to meet his gaze through his shuttered optics. His lips were slightly parted and his throat tubbing jumped as he swallowed, betraying a hint of apprehension. "...You're on, Prime."

But of course. The stubborn mech never backed down from a challenge.

What Megatron seemed to have failed to recall was that Optimus was very well versed in all the sensors and triggers of Megatron's great, powerful frame. Their years spent grappling around in the dirt and mud had taught Optimus every seam, every bundle of wires, every button and armour panel on the mech's frame vulnerable to touch.

Hand still on the back of Megatron's neck, he tugged him in for another kiss. Megatron grunted but responded begrudgingly, his optics half-shuttered, their red glow illuminating Optimus's cheeks as they kissed.

Megatron kneaded the handfuls of Optimus's thighs in his grasp as Optimus stroked a hand across Megatron's wide shoulder and slipped it up the side of his face. He pushed his thumb into the seam separating helmet from head, and dragged it all along the underside of the rim. Megatron's optics shuttered to black with a reluctant sounding hum, his hands on Optimus's thighs stilling.

With a flick of Optimus's thumb, he undid the latch keeping the helmet secure. Megatron hissed and tore himself from the kiss, "That isn't-"

Optimus pressed both hands to his chest and pushed him over, slamming his back against the deck flooring, taking the wind out of Megatron's vents with a huff and grunt. He pinned Megatron down with one hand, knowing full well the silver warrior was well within means of knocking him off. Megatron glared, but didn't.

"Sensitive under there?" Optimus whispered, hand rubbing up and down Megatron's chest.

He'd always wondered. Always fantasised. Whenever they had fought and the helmet looked in the slightest bit at risk of getting knocked off, Megatron would leap well beyond reach and more often than not, call a preemptive retreat. It was certainly a vulnerable area.

Optimus reached for the helmet again.

Megatron smacked his hand away. "What are you doing?!"

"Taking your helmet off."

"Why?!"

"To see what's underneath," Optimus smirked, watching Megatron flinch and twitch and turn his head to escape Optimus's fingers fiddling with the latches. Pressure released with a high pitched whir as it came undone. Megatron grabbed Optimus's wrist before he could go further.

Optimus stopped, looking into Megatron's conflicted face. He pulled his hand away.

Megatron swallowed, his optics pale pink and his mouth frowning, and reached with fumbling fingers to lift the helmet away himself.

Optimus sat back in awe when he placed the heavy headgear to the side to reveal a crown of sensory panels. They rose in points around Megatron's head, fanning forward. They were covered in gilded patterns and swirls. Optimus reached out with a careful finger to trace one of the patterns, not missing the flutter of Megatron's optics when he touched them. Megatron leant into his touch, his optics flickering shut. Optimus stroked one of the panels flat. They were warm and delicate, covered in tiny sensors. He pinched the tip and tugged.

Megatron's optics lit up with a shout. It wasn't entirely of pain.

"Prime!" He complained, head turned to the side so he wouldn't have to meet his gaze head on.

Yes, Optimus thought, rubbing the tip of the sensory panel between his fingers and watching Megatron twitch and wince at the handling. He could work with this.

He gave the panel a tweak and Megatron convulsed, rising up from the floor in an instinctive arch, his back curving into an angle Optimus was surprised to see such a large, heavy frame was capable of.

"You're more vulnerable than you look," he said, threading his fingers between the panels and tugging on a handful. Megatron's heels dug into the floor behind Optimus, his mouth fell open silently, his moan repressed.

"I have fairly good soundproofing," Optimus informed him, "You don't have to silence yourself-"

"Shut up, Prime!" Megatron spat, optics lighting in a flash like incoming lasers. "How is *that* for not silencing myself!"

Optimus tugged his helm panels again. Megatron yelped, an unexpectedly high noise that had Optimus's brow's lifting. "Well."

"Have you always been this fragging smug?" Megatron snapped, clenching his optics shut to avoid his gaze. "Wipe that ridiculous look off your face. You haven't even spiked me yet."

He hadn't even spiked him yet. Optimus let himself smile. This was going to be unexpectedly easy, but that by no means meant he shouldn't bring his best to the table. Megatron had challenged him, and after so many millennia of clashes and brawls and fights that only ever resulted in loss and regret, for the first time they could *both* win.

And tonight he planned to make Megatron very victorious indeed.



He kept his hold on those sensory panels -like they were a leash he could use to steer his unruly Decepticon, turning Megatron any which way he pleased- and braced his forearm beside Megatron's head to support himself when he dropped down to kiss him again. It was clumsy but indulgent, and the swept of his tongue through Megatron's mouth had the silver mech moaning in pleasure. Megatron's hand groped across his chest blindly. Optimus took his hand and squeezed it, pinning it back against the floor by the wrist.

He felt Megatron push against it, but held firm with a rumbling purr, brushing his thumb across the palm of Megatron's hand until fingers relaxed out of the fist they'd made. He felt Megatron exhale across his cheek, deflating and letting himself go.

Optimus lowered his body to Megatron's, letting his weight rest atop him, chest-to-chest, hip-to-hip. With some lazily shifting and insistent bumping, Optimus managed to wriggle his hips in-between Megatron's thighs. The huge silver limbs parted to form a warm, safe cradle for Optimus to rest between. They squeezed against his hips. And Optimus could well imagine them lifting around him later on, wrapping tight around his waist in the throws of ecstasy.

He began to rock against Megatron, his thumb stroking up and down the length of the sensory crown tips and his codpiece grinding against the hidden panel between Megatron's legs. It was hot and humid down there. Optimus pulled out of the kiss to mouth at the cables under Megatron's chin. He licked up a main fuel line then sucked the warm cable into his mouth, swirling his tongue across it. With a grunt Megatron's array panel snapped open, and Optimus shoved closer to rock his hard, hot codpiece against the exposed mesh.

Megatron's valve was soft and wet already, and left streaks of lubricant across the metal plating. Megatron had an arm pinned to the floor by Optimus's weight and another squeezing his shoulder, fingers clenching rhythmically with every rub of Optimus's codpiece against his mesh. The stimulation was less so for Optimus behind the protection of his codpiece, but the charge from Megatron's valve was so great he could feel tickles of it through his armour, stimulating his spike and causing it to swell.

His spike throbbing and full of energon, Optimus let the codpiece retract with a sigh of relief, his spike unfurling and springing up to slide against Megatron's valve. Megatron hummed and his armour tensed, his hips tilted up to try and rub himself against the spike.

Too curious not to, Optimus moistened a finger and slipped his hand between their flush frames. He found the slickness that was Megatron's valve and gently teased the tight opening. Megatron shivered, turning his head and pulling against the grip Optimus had on his sensory panels. Optimus hushed him and pushed his digit in to the knuckle. Megatron's optics flashed pink then shuttered tightly closed, refusing to meet his gaze.

Optimus turned his head back, "Don't turn away. Don't hide."

"I'm not hiding!" Megatron snarled, snapping his head back to meet Optimus's gentle gaze with a challenging glower.

"You're tense," Optimus murmured, stroking his finger in and out of Megatron's valve, watching his face closely to gauge his mood. Embarrassed. Undone. Perfect. He nudged Megatron with his nose to prompt a response. But Megatron only huffed and turned his head away again.

So Optimus withdrew his finger, and pressed it back in with the company of a second.

Megatron emitted a soft, pleased noise, cycling down on the fingers for two blissful seconds. Megatron angled a leg out to the side, as though asking for more. For deeper.

That was more like it, Optimus thought, moving his fingers in and out slowly, savouring the clench and flutter of confused but desperate callipers in Megatron's valve.

"You're beautiful," Optimus realised, taking in the purple flush across sharp cheeks and the optics pink with lust, the way Megatron's mouth would open to gasp silently.

No amount of bliss could wipe the thunderous look from Megatron's face at such an 'insulting' compliment. "Watch it, Prime-" he threatened, voice breathless and breaking. "This- this may be peace time- but you're on thin fragging-"

Optimus pushed a third finger into Megatron's valve before he could finish his threat, and watched, infatuated, as Megatron's mouth dropped open to shout, his indignant train of thought lost.

"Beautiful," Optimus repeated, no longer moving his fingers as he chose instead to let Megatron listlessly rock down onto them, the silver mech's processor too fogged with lust to remember his indignity. He was supple and wet around Optimus's fingers, and for such an infamously stubborn, stiff old mech, he was wonderfully pliant.

Optimus removed his fingers and felt his spike throb with want when Megatron whined at the loss.

"I'm still here," he murmured, leaning up and mouthing along the length of the sensory panel laid flat against the side of Megatron's helm. He let his damp fingers stroke the plump mesh of Megatron's valve, his thumb brushing the swollen anterior node. Megatron snapped his head towards him with a groan, his mouth open and seeking another kiss. Optimus granted it to him, humming his approval when Megatron's tongue darted out in search of his own.

They kissed messily, and for a long time. Optimus gripped his spike and stroked it slowly as their tongues twined and twisted. He gave the shaft a firm squeeze when Megatron arched up and brushed the dampness of his valve against the tip. He groaned into the kiss and guided himself to the entrance, rubbing his spike up and down between the folds, before pressing the tip inside.

Silky, tight heat surrounded the head of Optimus's spike, and it was a trial of epic proportions not to simply plunge into the delectable heat.

Megatron growled into their kiss, tensing and gripping Optimus hard enough to dent. Optimus tugged gently on a sensor panel and Megatron simply relaxed under him, going strutless and limp, his vocaliser catching and his grip fluttering, his hand's falling from where they clutched Optimus to thunk on the floor at his sides. The tightness around Optimus's spike receded and he found himself sinking his full length into Megatron's gently yielding mesh. His hips bumped Megatron's aft as he hilted himself in one easy sweep.

"Megatron," he moaned, grinding into him, working his hips in little circles. Megatron's limbs twitched, then tensed, his hands clawing at the decking with a low, long moan as he started to come back to himself. Optimus grunted again when he felt Megatron ripple around him.

"Optimus-!" Megatron wheezed.

"I have you," Optimus promised, smoothing his hand over the sensory panels, gentler now. He prised Megatron's hand free from where it had imbedded itself in the decking and threaded their fingers together. He felt shaking fingers tighten around him. "I have you, Megatron."

Megatron, somehow, impossibly, softened further, a dreamy undone look crossing his face when he met Optimus's gaze. He turned into the gentle pets to his helm, vocalising a noise not far from a purr. "Optimus~" he breathed, his legs lifting -and to Optimus's delight- wrapping around his waist.

They crossed at the ankles and clenched, Megatron arching his back to drive his hips up against Optimus. Optimus took that as his cue to move.

He started slowly, rolling his hips against Megatron, driven on by the clench of strong thighs around his waist. Megatron's powerful frame was laid out before him, supple and pliant and utterly his for the taking. The thought sent a pulse of pleasure through his spike, and desperate for overload, he increased the pace. He started moving faster, harder. Megatron moaned out something that sounded like a curse upon his creator and began rocking back, using his legs around Optimus's waist as leverage to chase down more of the sensation.

Optimus released his grip on Megatron's sensory panels and planted both servos on the floor either side of Megatron's head. He drove his spike down, raking across sensors set so deep in Megatron's valve that it made him shout and cry out. Optimus fragged him harder, wanting him to be louder, wanting him to shout his name.

"Optimus-!" Megatron threw his head back and cried between their surging frames. Optimus started pulling his spike almost all the way out of him before plunging it back in again in one long, hard thrust, and Megatron began to make the most desperate of noises, panting breathless cries of pleasure. It was too good.

Optimus moved deeply and firmly, sacrificing speed for intensity. He caught Megatron's gaze and held it, watching those once smouldering crimson optics flash pink with desire. Coolant had begun to gather in the channels beneath his optics, and no amount of embarrassed wincing could hide it. Megatron was undone, and it had been his doing. He wasn't usually one for relishing in his own victories, but this one was sweet.

Having taken his moment of victory, he went back to fragging Megatron mercilessly, grabbing a handful of his sensory panels and yanking. Fingers splayed out under his hand. Megatron's optics went beyond pink as they whited out, his frame convulsing and mouth dropping open to emit a crescendoing moan, reaching octaves Optimus was pleasantly surprised to hear from the formidable warlord as overload wracked through him.

Megatron was wetter and softer from his overload. Optimus slammed his spike into him repeatedly, relishing the slide of slick mesh and the look of utter defeat on Megatron's spent face. He knocked their helmets together, forehead against forehead, staring deep into Megatron's fogged optics. His own overload approached far too soon, but desperate to finish, Optimus held deep and let go, turning his head and tucking his face against Megatron's neck to bite a delicate cable. He felt Megatron twitch in the aftermath, and the two of them stayed tangled together on the floor for what seemed like an age.

Optimus was the first to stir, his helm snapping up with a confused blink. His systems reset themselves as his frame began to redistribute the charge he had built with Megatron. His armour was still pinging as it cooled and his processor felt slow and hazy from the interfacing.

Beneath him Megatron was still, his optics shuttered and brow creased. His vents cycled air slowly.

"Megatron?" Optimus murmured quietly, stroking his hand over his sensor covered helm.  
"Megatron, are you alright?"

"Hnng," came an incoherent groan.

They needed to get off the floor, Optimus realised. Poor Megatron would be feeling this in the morning.

He carefully extracted himself from Megatron's person, easing his spike out of the silver mech's wrecked frame. Strings of lubricant and transfluid kept their arrays connected until Optimus rose onto his knees and moved back enough to break them. He took a moment to take Megatron in. His thighs were open and array gaping, exposing the inner rim of the valve currently leaking a heavy droplet of fluid. It escaped and trickled down his aft plating. Megatron twitched at the sensation, but did nothing to preserve his dignity.

He didn't seem to be yet capable of speaking, let alone sitting up, so Optimus used what little remaining strength he had to start hauling the great mech upright.

Megatron reluctantly complied, eventually. Optimus took his hands and gave them a reassuring squeeze before pulling him up into a seated position. Megatron braced his forearms against his splayed thighs and exhaled heavily in exhaustion.

"Come on," Optimus put an arm around his back.

"The floor's fine," Megatron groaned, and Optimus wasn't sure if he was simply grumpy with exhaustion, or was trying to claw back some semblance of dignity after his reaction to being spiked.

Optimus ignored him either way. The floor was not fine.

He had to bodily haul Megatron up with an arm around his back and one of Megatron's tossed over his shoulder. He sat him heavily on the edge of his berth and the second he let go Megatron fell back across it strutlessly. Optimus bent down to collect his helmet for him.

"Megatron," he offered it.

Megatron waved a lazily arm, huffing, so Optimus placed it gently on the berth-side table for him, knowing he would want it to restore his dignity when he woke up the next day. He tugged the sheets out from under Megatron's heavy frame and climbed into the berth himself. There was plenty room for two but Megatron instantly rolled towards him and wrapped himself around Optimus. Optimus responded in like, gathering him close and letting his chin rest atop Megatron's sensor panelled helm. He let his lips ghost one, enjoying the little flicks and twitches they gave from the touch.

"Stop kissing me," Megatron grunted against his chest, breath hot and warm.

"You don't like it?" Optimus stroked his head instead, apologetic.

"No," he felt Megatron snort against him, face hidden against his armour. "Quite the opposite, actually."

"How was that for you?" Optimus asked innocently, smiling to himself.

"You know how it was," Megatron's growl was fierce and defensive. "And if you breathe one word of this to anyone I'll replace your intake with your aft port."

"A poet to your core," Optimus joked. "I always knew you'd be good at the pillow talk."

Megatron shifted closer, his frame tensing when he moved his leg like something down there was still aching. Optimus stroked a hand up and down his back soothingly, remembering the relentless pound of his spike into the poor mech. "Fuel?" He offered.

"Not if it means you leaving the berth," Megatron's hands tightened on him, grip surprisingly strong for a mech who hadn't be able to stand a moment ago. "Just go to recharge, Prime. Stop

talking."

Optimus listened to Megatron's vents slow and even out, and surprisingly, it didn't take much for him to follow.

Interfacing was a far better cure for insomnia than traipsing around libraries in the middle of the night. But if that's where he would find Megatron, that's where he'd be going.

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